60p

WHiTEHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL QUALITY GLAMOUR MAGAZINE

FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY ISSUE 18

- AMATEUR MODELS FEATURE!
- MISS ARGENTINA NUDE!
- MARY MILLINGTON MEETS A DISC JOCKEY!

WARNING

THIS MAGAZINE CONTAINS PART 5 OF OUR GUIDE TO SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE IT IS NOT OUR INTENTION TO SOLICIT ORDERS FROM ANY BODY WHO MAY BE SHOCKED OR OFFENDED BY THE UNCENSORED PHOTOGRAPHS OR SEXUAL INTERCOURSE THAT IT CONTAINS

These are the last of the promised pictures of Miss Mary Whitehouse (all taken when she just started modelling). As promised they feature the much promised 'vibro' shots! Until a few months ago pictures like these would clearly have been regarded as illegal (the pictures were probably illegal when they were originally taken). Thankfully, one can now publish pictures like this as it is universally accepted that they deprave and corrupt nobody. The definition of 'obscene' in English law is material which is likely to 'deprave and corrupt.' Many doctors and psychologists strongly argue that vibrators are extremely useful as a sexual 'escape valve' to both men and women – it is with this in mind that we publish these pictures. The vibrator should NOT be fully inserted into the vagina (as this may cause internal damage) – but only as far as the user finds comfortable (as illustrated by Mary in one of these pictures overleaf. The best use of the vibro for sexual excitement is on the clitoris and not inside the vagina.

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From
LONDON TO LEICESTER

Whoever said that Swinging London was dead? I used to think so myself, mind, and if you read the trendy papers they seem to have buried it as well. I suppose that a lot of the steam has gone out of it since the Swinging Sixties, but let me tell you that there is still a great deal of stuff going round and there are a lot of very lively people of all ages and types who still believe in the completely permissive approach to life and sex.

I know that the killjoys of this country will moan about

that. People like Mrs. Mary Whitehouse and her bunch of misery guts who think that because they hold a particular narrow viewpoint then the rest of the country should do the same thing Well, that's not for me or my friends, and the reason that brought about that particular outburst is because of a party I went to recently It was given by this chap I know, and he told me that it would be the sort that I would like as there would be plenty of action of the sort that you didn't see that much of today He said that it would be like the good times back in the Sixties.

Well, that set me thinking and when finally the night of

the party came along I decided that I would like to go on my own as you never knew who you might meet at one of those sorts of party, and it would be miserable to have committed oneself to one person beforehand. So I did go on my own and it was just as my friend had said. A lot of young and old people all intent on one thing only, a bloody good time, if you'll please excuse my French. Just good fun, plenty of sex and a great time had by all.

Now you may wonder what this party has to do with the events I am going to tell you about and the answer is very simple. The party was just a good time but the thing

that makes it rather different is that I met a man there who introduced me to someone else and thus I found myself in a completely different scene altogether from the one that I expected. So let me tell you what happened and how a chance encounter can sometimes lead to something that turns out to be really exciting.

Have you ever had the sensation when you were young that something was going to happen today that would change things for you? I don't mean that you would win the pools or that you would discover a goldmine. I

mean the sort of feeling where you knew almost from the moment that you entered a room, or caught a cab, that something would happen which would change things for the better. Well, the moment that I walked into this party I had that feeling, and as on most such occasions I was not to be disappointed in the event.

Bill, the bloke who had invited me showed me round the place and introduced me to people. They were all sorts and sizes and even though some of them were quite fanciable there really wasn't one there that I wanted to have all that much. But just then when I was beginning to find this lack of a target rather a drag, there was a movement at my elbow, nothing special just a movement among many others, and when I turned round I knew that my insincts were right. For this was the guy that would make it all worthwhile and I knew that this was my screw if I wanted one.

The person in question who was called Jim was in fact a travelling Disc Jockey. It's a funny life, I'm told, and I'll tell you more about that in a moment. But let me tell you about Jim first. For of all the guys there, roost of whom were beautiful people having a good time, Jim looked almost freakish. He was tall and slim and with a thin metal band round his neck. His shirt was open to the waist and his hair was long and fair. From the rear he looked just like a girl, and it wasn't until you saw his face with the small pencil line moustache that you realised that he was very much a bloke. I liked the look of him the moment he turned round and then he saw me looking at him and smiled.

He told me that he was a roving D J and that he was hired for rather trendy parties like this one. This meant that he was rarely in the same place for very long and that he travelled round a great deal. He told me that he had a female partner and that they alternated shifts on the turntable. My heart sank when he said that he had a girl along, but when he introduced me to her a few rooments later I felt that old familiar feeling of tightening in the quim. Maddy was certainly his girl, but I could tell at one glance, when Maddy looked at me, that she was definitely interested in me in more ways than one. The old radar was working well that night and when the party was in the small hours both Jim and Maddy invited me to come on a gig with them to Leicester some days later. They had this large Dormobile that they slept in along with all the equiproent and as I had never been on a jaunt like this before I thought it would make a welcome change from the usual sort of things that I do.

Some tughts later I met them both in Goodge Street and we pointed the van in the direction of the M1. I love being driven up the motorway... it's a very relaxing feeling with just the quiet of the cab of the van and the steady whine of the tyres on the roadway. We sped along in the darkness and we were all sitting in the front. I could see the strong arms of Jim clenched as his hands held the wheel and I got this sudden surge of excitement as I saw his arms like that. There was this atmosphere of suppressed something or other in the van. I wouldn't say that it was sex, but there was something very like that there. The van sped on and then when we were about ten miles out of Leicester I suddenly got this electric shock right through me. There could be no mistake about it at all. For Maddy had actually touched my hand and when I opened my fingers her hand clenched round mine and held it all the way to Leicester without saying another word to me.

Well, there it was. I had been right and even though in their very cool way neither of them had said anything to me about sex or threesomes, I knew with coroplete certainty that this was how the evening would definitely end. So in this unusual silence he got to Leicester and there in this great barn of a disco we had the gig. It was packed to the rafters and I must admit that Maddy and Jim were very good and very professional, and when they finally finished their stint at the turntables and when the gig ended they got an ovation of thanks from a very pleased crowd.

I've not told you much about Maddy, but that is because I am keeping that bit until now. In fact, you might say it is the very best bit as Maddy was really something, very much something indeed. She was smallish, about five-three I should say. But that was completely forgotten when you looked into her violet eyes. They were the deepest and loveliest I have ever seen in a girl, and even when she smiled and her whole face lit up those eyes were completely fathomless. They could either have been dead or very much alive, there was no way of telling. Her face was small and oval and her shoulders were narrow. Her breasts were about 36" or perhaps a bit larger and she had a lovely figure with very dainty ankles. She looked at first glance like a doll but that impression was soon replaced by one of strength. She had a certain wiry strength about her that you only noticed after a while, and from the moment she held my hand in the van she exerted it on me. She looked the sort of girl who would be very good in bed and I know now that I was correct in thinking that. She was terrific.

We were all rather tired out after the thrash, and we decided to have a few drinks with the management of the place before going home to London. They said that they would like to be able to stay in hotels after their efforts all over the country, but that with the price of hotels nowadays it would cripple them financially and that this was why they had got the Dormobile as it was dirt cheap to run, it could take all the equipment and it was ideal for sleeping in even though it sometimes made for a rather tight fit. We had a few more drinks and then Jim said that we must be going and once more we piled into the van after loading all the junk on board.

I must say that I rather liked this sort of life that they led. I suppose that it must have got boring for them after a while but in one sense they were very independent, and

they certainly weren't tied down to a miserable nine-to-five existence. They were really very switched-on people and when we were twenty or so miles out of Leicester Jim said that he was too tired to drive much further that night, and that he would have to have a kip. We turned off the motorway and drove through side-roads and lanes until we came to this sort of sheltered lane that looked as though it had never been used before. We drove down it a bit and stopped and then Jim drew the curtains until they were closed completely and no one could look in.

Maddy looked at me and smiled. "This is it," she said and I didn't have to be a mind reader to know what she was thinking. She took my hand again and then she pressed me back against one of the long strip-like mattresses that were in the back of the van. Jim sat there looking at me and then he said that the moment he had seen me at the party he knew that I was after it and that he wanted me as well. Maddy said that she had felt the same sort of vibes and that she just knew that I was bi-sexual like she was. I told them that indeed I was and after that there was a small silence.

Then Maddy leaned over me where I lay and with her fingers she started to open up my blouse. She pulled it out from the line of my skirt and then she slid the bra off my breasts without undoing it. They slipped out for her and then she buried her head on them. She told me that they were lovely and then she buried her head on them once more and this time she kissed them and there was the lovely feeling of warm lips kissing my nipples and they responded instantly to her lips. In the background I could dimly make out Jim undressing and then there was another form beside me in the gloom and when I reached my hand up I encountered this slim kneeling figure with rock-hard stomach muscles, and a long slim cock that was bolt upright.

My hand closed over his penis and then there was a soft gasp as he got the first sexual sensation from my fingers through his penis. In the meantime she was kissing away at my breasts and then she squirmed her whole body over on to mine and I felt her delicious form slide over mine. I kissed her on the lips and thrust my breasts up to her for more and so that she could get a better idea of their size. They seemed to delight her and I would have said that she was definitely a boob girl.

Then Jim gently took her away from me and pushed his hard body against me and the contrast between her and him was just great. I felt his body all over and then with him still pressed against me I felt him until my hands encountered his balls. They were lovely, and small and round and I played with them for quite a while. Then I took his cock in my hand and toyed with that for a while and soon his cock was letting out some small gouts of early semen.

By now Maddy had stripped, and then when they had stripped me as well they lit this small gaslamp in the van which threw a warm glow over our naked bodies. I like making love in that sort of light and it certainly flattered us mightily. Maddy looked really lovely with those perfect breasts, and I was even more excited by the way that while she was touching me one of her hands was at her quim and was working slowly but steadily at it, getting it ready for the sex that we were soon going to have together. It wasn't the first time that I have made love in a van like this, but it certainly was the first time that I have ever had it away with two people like that.

Then when she had got herself worked up she clung to me for a few minutes and then his cock came into play and things got a bit tangled for a moment. There was a bit of confusion and we decided that we would have to work things out a bit more carefully as otherwise we would get nowhere fast. So I said that I would like to have Jim first and then when he had come he could watch us make love and slowly get another hard back on. They thought this was sensible and so I lay on the ground and while Maddy sat to one side of me gently stroking my hair and running her fingers through it Jim knelt up in front of me and then pulled my legs apart so that he could see the swimming red meat that was there for him to enter and take.

Jim's cock was really nice. It was just like a pen or a pencil, tall and very straight and great for deep penetration. Personally I don't mind all that much if a man manages to get all the way in or not but when you have a cock like that that can go all the way up there then that is the very best kind of all as far as I'm concerned. I love slim, long cocks and Jim's was just right for me. He brought his weapon right over my face and this time when I caught it in my hand I bent it down until I could get his succulent weapon into my mouth.

It was wet with his early discharges, but he definitely hadn't fully come off as yet. I told him to ease his body down on me a bit and then I had complete possession of the cock. The moment that I got it into my mouth I started to take long slow sucks of his cock. First of all I started at the very top of his knob, but as the sucking made it even bigger than earlier it gradually started to make the knob bigger and soon it was straining to come free from the enveloping skin. Then I swallowed it down a bit more and as I did so the knob gradually came slowly out of the cock-skin, and then with a rush it broke free altogether and soon I had the naked knob in my mouth.

I love working away at a man's knob. The moment when you first take the lovely bulb in your mouth and then you lick it slowly with your tongue. Then you suck the knob itself and then the entire penis. Some people prefer the penis to be dry but I like the juicy feeling that you get when it's all wet and wonderful. There is semen in your mouth, and a kind of funny sour-sweet smell, and then before you know it it's almost burning you with the heat that your mouth provokes in it.

Jim's cock was just like that and when finally I took it out it was quite obvious that he was very excited indeed. His breath was coming in great gasps, and I could see his chest swell and fall with the effort that he was putting into his sexiness. I love men who really appreciate what a woman does to them with her body and then, feeling that I had given him enough for now, I told him to take me

and to insert that lovely cock into me and to push and push and push and push until finally he would come in one final blaze of sexual glory. That sort of talk seemed to drive him wild and then there was this soft scuffling at the mouth of my little mouse and then he struck home hard.

The cock burst through the frail defences of my quim and inside me there was this bar of iron that seemed to be running me through. I took the hot cock right up in me, and it was so slim and long that it just couldn't go all the way up. I pressed against him and I was very excited myself and I was jerking like mad as he forced himself back into me and this time he didn't take his time at all but just let himself go at me. His penis charged in and out of my quim and soon my pussy was swimming with juice and heat, and a lovely fiery feeling that enveloped us both. Then he gave me one enormous poke with his cock and he came off. His come made my senses reel and it seemed to be one long thrust after another. No matter which way I turned there was this long prick wedged firmly in my pussy, and all I could think about was the thought of that length of muscle being in there and giving me everything it had. It took a very long time for him to let go and when he eventually withdrew his manhood from me I felt as though I had had one of the greatest screws I'd had for a long time.

And now that he had finally finished himself off in me – I hadn't come off myself by the way – it was time for the lovely Maddy to have her fun. At least that's what she thought but I'm always surprising myself about things like that, and even though I would have loved to have Maddy do all kinds of lovely things at a leisurely pace to my quim, in fact when it came to the point I was the one who took the initiative. One moment she was leaning over me ready to get to work on my naked love-soaked body, and then she was suddenly caught in my arms and thrust under me while my superior body straddled hers and I forced my quim against her. This is something that I have noticed about myself from time to time, and that is my tendency to take over events and in this case the event was the lovely Maddy.

The gorgeous creature vanished under my body for a moment and then when we got sorted out I was sitting on her thighs and I was tweaking her perfect breasts. I wasn't being in any way sadistic about it. It was just that I found out that this excited her and that she liked to have it done like that. I twisted them a bit and then I started to stroke her entire body with both my hands. Her breasts were very hot and full to the touch, and I worked further and further down from there and over her lovely flat belly until finally I reached the hairs of her muff.

I took them in my fingers and played with them and she must have had a very sensitive one as she moaned and tried to get my hands away from it. But that excited me all the more and instead of doing what she wanted instead I did it even more to her and soon there was a steady trickle of juice from her slit. Then it was time for the real thing itself. I touched the rim of her quim and immediately there was this small but very exciting opening for me to explore. I put one finger in and then another and when they were both in there I wiggled them about so that they excited the insides of her pussy. She was plucking feverishly at my arms to try to get me to stop, but if there is one thing that sends me going it is feeling another girl's quim like that and seeing the effect that it has on her. She was really loving every moment of it, and then she was holding on to me for dear life as something happened deep inside her quim. She held me in those lovely strong hands and tried to almost break my arms with the force she exerted, but I had the upper hand and she had to lie there while my fingers still carried on inside her. Then I bent down over her and while her arms desperately tried to make my fingers come out of her, I bit her breasts and shoulders and bit her throat hard. That last love bite on her throat was the thing that really set her off and in just about a minute after that there was this enormous convulsion under me and she was starting her climax.

I held her down viciously and eased myself up off her just a small bit, so that I could look along her steaming body and watch how her body was behaving during its orgasm. Her whole shimmering body in the soft light was a mass of straining beauty and soft muscles. She was like some lovely snake, and as I watched I could see the occasional bulge in her quim area as the contractions of the orgasm forced the bulging pudenda in and out with this torrid rhythm that she was having.

Jim was hard again I could also see and when she had come he climbed on her and then he had his way with her. I rather liked the idea of screwing a lovely young girl just after she has come and I wondered what it must be like for her poor tormented quim as his long slim shaft banged her repeatedly. But now there was myself to consider and brought to a fever pitch of excitement by what had happened, as soon as Jim tossed off in her and came out of her I was down on her like a flash and this time it was for my benefit and not hers. I forced everything I had on to that lovely girl, and then with one massive effort I too achieved a lovely climax and twined my juice-stained legs round hers while my sweat-damp muff snuggled hard up against hers. She pushed against me feebly and then she gradually subsided while my thrust grew weaker as the storm of excitement gradually calmed down and I got back to normal. It had been a rare screw. The rest of the evening passed off more or less like this, but soon Jim fell asleep tired out quicker than either of us. Maddy and I spent most of the night feeling and groping and exploring and kissing, and when we finally fell asleep it was more from sheer sexual exhaustion more than any other cause. In the morning, we drove back to London and they dropped me at my place. They had been a really exciting and well-behaved couple, just the sort that I like.

At least I had proved one thing to myself. Music certainly is the food of love!

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Whitehouse Challenge

We were challenged by Mr D J. from Reading to publish photographs of his 'girlfriend' who has a v[illegible] vagina and wears a ring in it here are the pic[illegible]

(MEDICAL COMMENT: This particular young lady has a very unusual vagina, with a natural hole in it. But even she admits to wearing the ring only as a 'party trick'. We warn all readers that the permanent wearing of such a ring could be dangerous. Additionally, unless the hole in the vagina is a natural state, then any artificially created holes could be extremely dangerous). These pictures are published purely for their novelty and entertainment value!

helen
from
glasgow

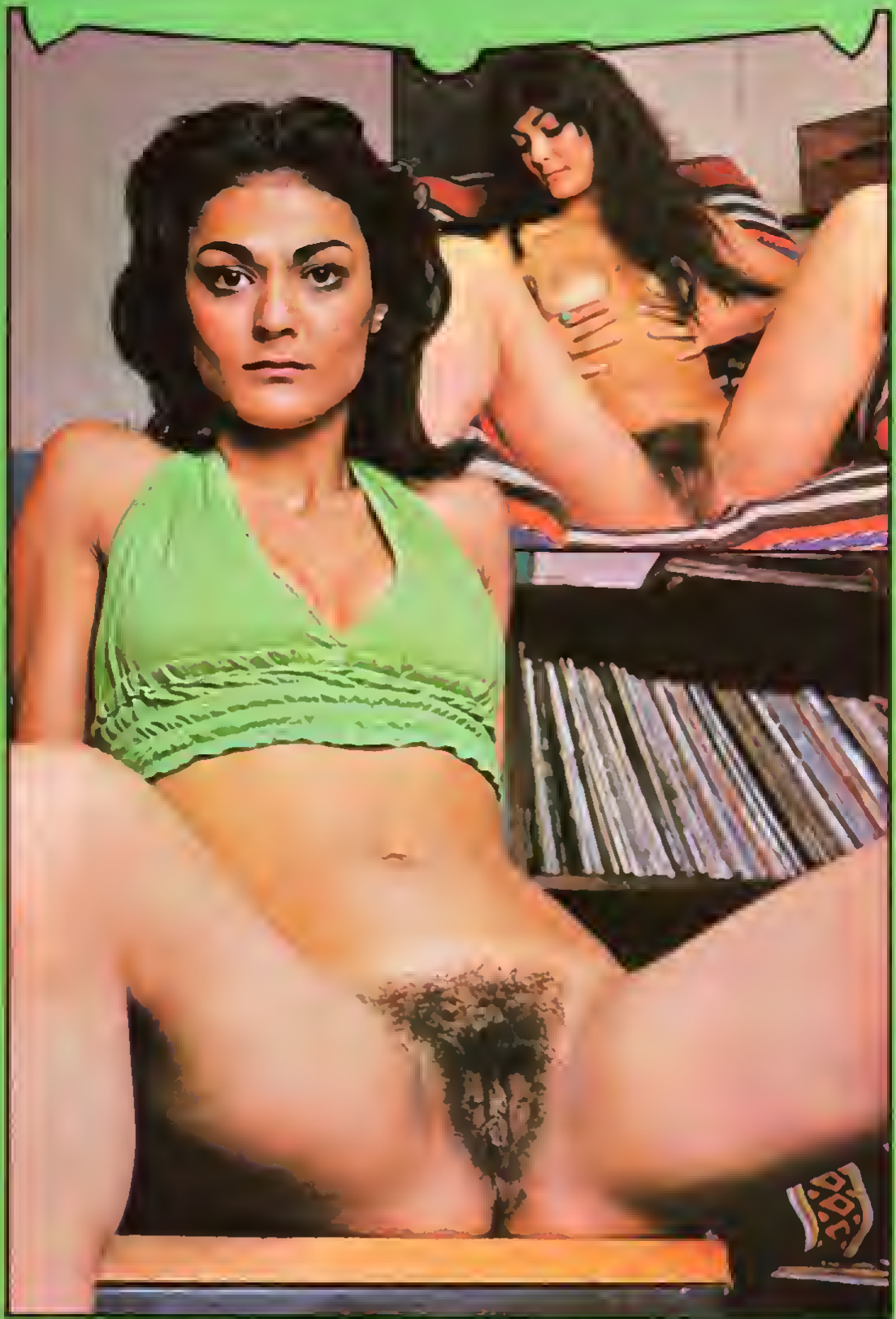
BREAK

top italian film actress

We think that this lady needs no introduction – she's one of Italy's top actresses (specialising in sexy films), no doubt you recognise her from one of her 22 starring film roles!

MISS ARGENTINA

~MARIA DE CARLOS



Amateur Models

This mooth we start our 'amateur' models section. These are pictures taken by semi-professional and amateur photographers of semi-professional and amateur models. Every week (since we started puhlishing Whitehouse) our offices have been inundated with samples of work from amateurs. To be quite frank, most of it is oot up to the standard of the material we publish. Similarly the models are oot the usual 'up market' girls we like to feature in Whitehouse. BUT both the models and the material has a 'freshness' about it that is oot often seen in Whitehouse. Couple this with the idea that it'a nice to help somebody during the early stages of their career (whether they be a model or a photographer) we have decided to feature an 'amateurs only' sectioo each month in Whitehouse. Here is the set this month:

MODEL: Jenny (age 18) from London

PHOTOGRAPHER: Paul Martin from Raynes Park

If you would like to send in a coo-trihutioo to this sectioo, please suhmit it with an SAE. We pay a fee of £25 if we puhlish your work. Needless to say this can lead to more remunerative work for both the model and the photographer if we like your work.

A New Photostory Special that will regularly appear in Whitehouse

Whitehouse Fantasy Fiction Section

Featuring the SUN 'Pin-up' model Eve Cadell

Something never seen on the Pier at Brighton...

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW ~AND THE MAID SAW

~AND WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT...

In the smart converted mews maisonette in the little turning off Old Brompton Road, Jane the housemaid and John the butler – two very modern up-to-date domestics made the double bed and tidied the furniture in the main bedroom of the pad on Saturday afternoon in July. In about an hour from then the owner of the place, Monty, would be driving up in his Jag with his latest girlfriend – the fantastic (and notorious) photographic model Tessa Dingham – spoiled society girl and darling of the jet set.

Jane, in her little pink red maid's dress and white apron leant over the large bed smoothing out the coverlet and plushy eiderdown as John laid out whisky, brandy and soft drinks on an occasional table. The bedroom was ably used as a sitting room for there was a small suite of furniture in it and the double bed disappeared into the wall at the press of a button. But John and Jane had been asked to let the bed down, remake it and to leave it down so that when Monty and his newest girlfriend Tessa Dingham went up to the room, everything would be ready for a big seduction scene. Rumours had it that Tessa had taken up every society cock in town that had blue blood in it and this was the time, this hot July weekend, that Monty had chosen to see to it that his cock was added to Tessa's collection.

John the butler looked up Jane's short pink red dress as she leaned over the bed and saw her beautiful sheer black tights disappearing between her thighs and the delicious pair of little crispy white linen knickers she was wearing over the tights creasing deeply between the division of her bottom. Going up the steep stairs behind Jane, a few moments before, John had had a horn-raising view of her thighs and bottom undulating under her short dress and her substantial thighs quivering inside the delicate, sheer black tights. As he looked at her lithe young body stretched over the bed, her dress riding up, he was strongly tempted to reach out a hand and to caress the white linen crease of her crotch. But he knew Monty and Tessa would be arriving any moment and it would be unfortunate if Jane were to be discovered lying full length on her tummy on the double bed with her tights and her knickers down round her knees. So John contained himself, took his eyes off the maid and put final touches to the silver tray of drinks on the occasional table.

John and Jane had their own small separate bedrooms in the quite large mews flat and although no mention was ever made of the fact to their employer Monty – both bedrooms were seldom both occupied each night, for either John slept with Jane in her room or Jane slept in his room. Provided the domestic duties were carried out well and efficiently, what went on between the butler and the maid did not worry Monty one little bit.

The butler was dark and handsome and Jane was fair and had a very sweet and rather old-fashioned looking face. Both were in their mid-twenties and had been in Monty's employ for six months. Their domestic relationship in the pad had developed very quickly after they had been working together for the first few weeks

and sleeping next to each other in separate bedrooms. John had broken the ice one evening in February after the two of them had taken up residence in the place, by knocking gently on Jane's bedroom door about one in the morning when Monty their employer had been out for the entire night. Jane had said come in, knowing it could only be John and indeed hoping against hope that it was. John was wearing a short purple silk man's dressing gown and under it a small pair of white silk briefs. When he opened the door in response to Jane's bidding he saw she was lying on top of the bed, the electric fire full on and warming the room up beautifully. The most interesting thing however was that Jane was naked on top of the bed all but for a pair of flared legged, short pink linen knickers in the lacy white crotch of which was an inviting slit through which John could clearly see a big bush of blonde hair and a startling and vivid show of open reddish flesh. Jane was on heat and her naked nipples were standing up and away from her milky white breasts like little red thimbles.

At once, John, welcomed by her smile and a subtle movement of her thighs that parted them a little more, revealing even more of the red pink of her opened cunt sat down by her side on the edge of the bed, letting his short dressing gown fall back off his broad muscular thighs. Jane looked down at the sexy white silk of his briefs and noted with shining eyes the well-defined shape of his rising cock and the roundness of his balls inside them. What were you doing to yourself, Jane, he asked – looking at the open slit in her French knickers which was now revealing more than a great deal of her cunt. I was tossing she smiled at him, and thinking of you at the same time. Of me he said, very well pleased with the admission. Of you, repeated Jane, for you don't know, do you, she went on, that three times already since I have been here I have peeped at you through the keyhole of your bedroom door when Monty has been out and have seen you either stark naked or wearing a pair of your knickers. I have seen you in a pink and white striped pair, am I right? And a pale yellow pair as well? He nodded, immensely pleased with this evidence that she must indeed have seen him in those particular undies and that she was therefore telling the truth. She looked down at his now sticking up stiff prick inside his white silk briefs and said but the two times I saw you stark naked you were quite small, I mean, not on the horn. I see you are erected now she went on.

Can you wonder – smiled John, pointing down at her thighs which she had slowly and obviously opened up for him even more now, so that he could see the stretchy white linen lace round the open crotch each side of her gaping lips and also see the widening, dark hole in the centre of her tipe. So you were playing with yourself when I came in, he said. Jane nodded. With my three fingers she said, holding up her right hand. John took them and kissed them. That was a very intimate thing to do smiled Jane – and now she stretched her thighs wide open and the slit crotch opened with them and John saw the full expanse of her golden haired wet and scarlet cunt in the middle of the lace split. The fresh pink linen of her French drawers creased away up to her slim waist from the open crotch. John bent forward and gently inserted his three right-hand fingers into the inviting hole and pushed them up into her. She shuddered in a delighted way and began to pulse her flesh round his fingers as she started to come on very quickly. He finger-fucked her for a good ten minutes, feeling her sucking him into her more and more as she grew tenser and tenser and her flowing wetness made a slick slippery sound as he flicked his fingers in and out of her.

That had been in February and now it was July. Now, the two of them were on the greatest terms of delightful intimacy. Jane washed and ironed all his shirts and his undies for him – they slept together every night in either one of their bedrooms and were very happily in love. Monty had often made advances to Jane when John had been out shopping in the car but Jane had declined them politely in spite of the fact Monty, her employer, was tall and rugged and very handsome. Now, Jane looked down at the double bed she and John had been preparing for Monty and Tessa for the weekend and wondered how much of Monty's spunk would be spilt on the bed the next few hours. She wished in a way that she could have been able to watch Monty's performance for she had heard around the domestics of that exclusive area of South Kensington that Monty's prick in full heat was eight and a half inches long to say the least. Still, she smiled to herself as she felt John's eyes burning into her white-knickered bottom as she bent over the bed, still, John's is seven inches, we have both often measured it, so why worry about Monty?

Couldn't we try to have a peep through the keyhole of this room at them this evening, suggested Jane. The door is right opposite this bed. What do you want to peep at them for laughed John. I would like to see Monty performing smiled Jane, going to John and putting her warm hand on his round bottom over his smooth, tight black trousers and feeling the rim of the vee legs of his briefs under them. I've heard from maids in other flats and houses round here, in the coffee shops, that the girls and women that Monty fucks are amazed at his athletic prowess. It seems he can keep it up for an hour before he shoots and that he can shoot at least six times in one night. I

can do it three times said John, fingering her braless nipples and breasts under the top of her thin pink linen dress. I know. You're great replied Jane, pulling him down and kissing him full on the lips I only meant it might be fun to see how he really does make out with his girls. Well, said John, maybe when we know they are both well away at it later on tonight we might come up here very very quietly and try to have a looksee. I know you can see through the keyhole said Jane For I have looked already. At Monty – said John. No. Never when he has been in the room replied Jane. Only once actually, just to see how much of the room can be seen through the keyhole since he never has a key in the lock.

Well – we'll take a gander tonight maybe laughed John. When we reckon they are high on booze, eh, and so absorbed in each other that they would not think they were being looked at. Then they both went downstairs to the little modern kitchen and Jane laid out the silver coffee-were Thank goodness Monty doesn't want a three course dinner cooking tonight said Jane He's taking this Tess Dingham bird out to dinner before bringing her back here I've heard tell Tessa Dingham has the biggest, roundest, deepest hole this side of Kama

Sutra! I've heard tell she can take a plastic rolling pin up and not turn a pubic hair! You scandal-mongering young bitch laughed John The way you all discuss wife and your various employers when you meet out shopping in the mornings! And don't you men as well talk about your birds in the pubs round here demanded Jane Come here, said John, pulling the delightful little maid to him. He had perched himself on the corner of the table in the kitchen and the blunt corner was pushing delightfully in between the slit of his bottom and agitating his flesh between his rectum and his balls and making his prick rise inside his bright yellow cotton briefs. Jane stood in between his opened thighs and pressed herself to him to feel his cock pulsing against her. Are you coming in your knickers she laughed as she felt the powerful spasms against the slit of her knickers and her black silk tights. Nearly he sighed, putting his hands up her pinky dress and smoothing them round and round over her knickers over her quivering bottom. She put her hand down and pulled down his zip and he stood away from the table for an instant to let his trousers fall to the floor. Monty might be in any minute with Tessa warned Jane But John was looking down at the enormous tubular shape inside his yellow cotton briefs and at the large round wet patch that had formed where his swollen nob was rubbing against the sexy material. Jane looked down as well and cosseted his hard round balls inside his briefs with her warm hand. He lifted up her dress in front and pulled down her hand, pulling the hip elastic of his briefs down in front until his cock sprang out and his balls shimmered out as well It was second's work for her to raise herself up a little and to let John slither his seven inches up into her. She put her arms tightly round his waist and pulled him into her Keep still she ordered him as she began to make gentle fucking movements against him between his wide open thighs as his white shirt fanned out round his naked hips and bottom as he sat against the corner of the table, the corner now pushing pleasantly into his rectum as Jane began to move rapidly against him forcing his prick up and down inside her with quick jerky thrusts. You fuck marvellously, breathed John as he bent down and kissed her, opening her soft red lips with his tongue and putting his tongue into her mouth as he had put his prick into her hole Now she was trembling against him in the throes of mounting orgasms, her wetness escaping between the walls of her cunt and the hard fleshy tube of his cock. She felt his full and capacious balls being squeezed and unsqueezed between the tops of her thighs and the inner sides of his. He wrapped his hands round her bottom, pulling the cheeks wide apart to expose her anus to the cool air, something she just always loved him doing to her as it heightened the intensity of her orgasm to feel her other hole suddenly open and exposed. Often she would wish when he did this to her in this position that Monty was standing naked the other side looking direct at her opened and exposed bottom, fingering it inside and even perhaps squatting down and at last levering his huge tool up into her so that (and she would almost faint at the exquisite thought) so that she was being fucked both sides of her in the sandwich fashion. Is it possible she would often think, and recall that Linda Lovelace had written that it was indeed more than possible!

And now she could feel her lovely John the butler boy, gently but forcefully pumping all his white milk up into her from his ballooning balls and fingering the naked rim of her rectum as he started to come. She let out gasps of joy as she felt the hot stuff spurting up into her like the milk she so often let boil over on the electric cooker watching it purposefully with some fascination as she fantasied the saucepan was orgasming and ejaculating It's just the same she would think — letting it flow its way over the hot plate, letting it gush out its boiling contents onto the hot plate to sizzle away into nothingness. Just like a boy on heat. Like she would squeeze white toothpaste out of a tube in great pulsing spasms just for the sheer fantasy of pretending it was a boy coming

John finished his copious come into her and a few moments later she could feel his lengthening prick sliding gently out of her. She stood away from him and looked down at the thick flesh now slowly bending over and down in a graceful movement until it was hanging over his hairy balls, themselves now slowly deflating after having lost so much come. Twice last night she said as she pulled up her black silk tights and then her little white knickers and hit down her now crumpled and creased pink dress and white apron. Twice last night and again now! You must be full to the brim of the stuff!

I tell you what she said to John as they tidied up the lounge and placed a stack of discs next to the deck of the stereophonic player, I tell you what I'd just love to be upstairs in the room later this evening when Monty and Tessa get together. You mean a foursome said John? Jane nodded her head. I have never taken part in a foursome she said Have you? Once, replied Johnny and Jane looked jealous. You never told me, she pouted I was very young said Johnny. How young for instance? Sixteen replied John Just a schoolboy with a schoolboy pal and these two darling schoolgirls of sixteen and the other one was just turned seventeen. We were altogether in this deserted and disused barn in the middle of a broken down farm one summer afternoon on a halfday holiday you see My pal Gregory was so much on the horn that when we

were all sitting down inside the barn on bales of hay. he just couldn't contain himself any longer. He suddenly stood up and lowered his trousers and his white briefs and let the girls see his cock which was standing up straight and long from his body. How exciting for them said Jane. What on earth happened next? Gregory stood up in just his white school shirt and began to wank with his legs wide open you know and the girls watched the action until he shot off and they were thrilled. it was the first time ever they had seen a naked prick, much less a stiff one and one that was coming. That turned them on and Mary, the sixteen year old girl lifted up her light blue pleated school skirt and exposed her yellow silk knickers to us all. Not to be outdone Rose lifted up her short light blue skirt as well and let us see her white lacy knickers. They both looked at me and said now you Johnny. Of course I just had to didn't I? Of course agreed Jane. So I let my trousers down said John and I was wearing a snazzy pair of pink cotton boxer shorts very small and very tight and of course I was just busting out at the front wasn't I? Both the girls came at me and pulled them down and right off me. Then we all sat down on the bundles of warm dry hay and Mary held my cock and asked me to tell her how to bring me off. I showed her how to do it and she wanked me as Rosa and Gregory watched. I shot it all out over Mary's bare thighs as she knelt down in front of me. Although we didn't fuck of course, in case of babies, Gregory and me sucked both the girls cunts off and made the both of them have their first comes with boys doing it for them. And Mary sucked me off and swallowed it. Rose sucked Greg but stopped when he said he was starting to come and finished him off with her hand. What a gas, smiled Jane. You randy sod she went on. You seem to have been at it ever since you were so high or so long she laughed. Anyhow said John, that was my one and only experience of a foursome and it was fun. I must admit.

Be fun to have it with Monty and his Tessa Dingham said Jane. I supoose it's just because you want to see Monty's long dong jibed John. There are some fantastic stories going round about it you know replied Jane. But I daresay Tessa will be able to suck it up her, like I said they say she could take a vacuum cleaners nozzle, tube and all into her. And I supposa said John, that you have never taken part in a foursome? 'Fraid not admitted Jane. She went into her bedroom and John followed her to watch her strip naked and put on a new pair of black silk tights and fresh white broderie Anglaise knickers and a new pinky-red maid's dress and a new little white lacy apron and high heeled shoes. Then she went with John into his bedroom and saw him strip naked also, put on a pair of white silk briefs, hipster style, a clean white nylon shirt and another pair of tight black flared trousers and lastly a white linen butler's jacket. You look to be a good butler she said. You should be a film star. A blue film star more likely grinned John. With my vital statistics I reckon I'd reach the top in next to no time. The top of Tessa Gingham you mean, replied Jane. I've heard tell that Tessa once said it was her ambition to lie on a bed being fucked by a man with a ding-dong so long that as he put it up her it comes right out of her mouth so that she can suck the nob while he fucks her and he'll come into his own face as he looks down at her. What a fantastically crude thought said John. I bet it was girls who made that one up. The bermaids at the Golden Fleece said Jane. I might have known it, laughed John. They are professional hookers if you ask me.

About an hour later, Monty arrived with Tessa Dingham. She was a slim, dark girl with a beautiful face and quite obviously an exquisite body under her tight white linen trousers and tight yellow crewneck sweater. Monty left her in the lounge while he went upstairs to change into a white silk open necked shirt and a pair of slim red cord trousers. Jane pottered around the lounge for a short while as Tessa sat smoking and drinking and waiting for Monty. Suddenly Tessa spoke to Jane. Does Monty fuck you darling, she enquired. No, he does not replied Jane, quite startled at the girl's question. Tessa looked Jane up and down. I would have thought that having a beautiful young maid like you around the place darling he would have been up you by now. The young butler is here said Jane. Ah yes, that dishy young man who took my cases upstairs said Tessa. Does Monty fuck the butler then she said with a large grin. When John, the butler, wants to fuck, wank or suck said Jane, it is me who supplies those services for him. Bona for you, smiled Tessa. Then I take it you live in with all mod cons including an instant prick? That is more or less the situation said Jane. Come now said Tessa with a sudden friendly smile. Don't get me wrong darling. I'm all for cunt and cock believe me. It's one of the essential comforts of life. If all the pricks I've been fucked with were castrated and laid end to end they'd stretch from London to the centre of the Cheddar Gorge believe me! I'm all for fuck and suck darling. I know Monty has a reputation for being a randy guy so I just gathered he threaded you onto his needle from time to time. Would you like him to – she added? Of course answered Jane. I've heard he has a ten-incher. An eight-incher corrected Tessa. I wish it was ten inches for fuck's sake she added. I'd never let him out to my sight if it was that long, believe me.

At that moment John entered the lounge. Ah said Tessa Dingham. The man himself! What man said John, looking round the room. Jane's man, the maid's man said Tessa. I've just been telling Miss Dingham here said Jane that I do not take Monty up but that I take you up. Miss Dingham was anxious to know if Monty was in the habit of getting up me you see. Oh replied John, looking at Tessa. No, my employer does not do that, Miss Dingham. Get that, smiled Tessa. My employer. Old wanker Monty you mean! She looked John up and down. You are very goodlooking she said. She looked at Jane. And you are very beautiful. An attractive pair. I expect you both fuck very well together, a very pretty picture the pair of you must make, stark naked and glued to one another. Front or back she asked John? Monty is a becksida man. I don't mean he screws my asshole though. I wouldn't say no if he did. I mean he's a rear-antry freak, right? It's all the horse riding he does I suppose. Conditions a man to liking a bucking rump between his thighs. Well, front or back repeated Tessa, still addressing herself to John. I like both ways replied John. At one and the same time grinned Tessa. That'll be the day when one man can do that to one woman at one and the same time. Ever act in blue films went on Tessa. She looked at John. He shook his head. Too risky, he replied but in any case I wouldn't get kicks. And you darling, Tessa asked Jane. She shook her head. I wouldn't care to she said. Have you? Tessa grinned. Ah, she said, that would be telling!

Monty walked in looking quite splendid and Jane and John saw the look of frank admiration Tessa shot at him as he stood by the window.

Two hours later John and Jane crept up the narrow staircase leading to the landing in which was the bathroom, the loo and Monty's bedroom. Their own bedrooms were on the ground floor between the lounge and the kitchen. First, Jane bent down and peeped through the keyhole. After a moment she stood up and said, they are both stark naked and Monty is showing Tessa his prick. It's enormous! Like the tube that leads from a hair dryer! John bent down and peeped through the keyhole. Chrissake he said as he stood up again. It's about four inches thick as well as long. Like I said, grinned Jane, already beginning to feel wet between her thighs and under her black tights and white knickers. She looked through the keyhole again and John stood back and saw up her short pinky dress as she bent down. She stood up again. She's rubbing him off now, she whispered, and John bent down at the keyhole. I'd give my left tit to be in with them Jane grinned. Would you give your left bollock to be in there with them she asked. I'd love to have a foursome with them, he replied but I wouldn't give either of my bollocks for the privilege. I'm much too fond of using them on you darling! He took Jane in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. He put his hand up her dress and fondled her bottom lovingly. She could feel his rising prick against her apron. You're getting horny she said. And I'm getting holey she added, feeling the wetness inside her tights and her knickers. She bent down to the keyhole again after disentangling herself from John's arms. Now she's got it in her mouth she said in a breathless and strangled whisper. Do you wish you had it in your mouth then said John, with a hint of jealousy in his voice. Jane shook her head. I would choke on it she laughed, standing up straight against the bedroom door. John took her in his arms again and kissed her. They both leaned against the door, lost in the ecstasy of their embrace. John's hands went up her rustling linen dress again and explored the hot cheeks of her quivering bottom. She felt dynamic pulsations against the front of her apron and pulled him tight into her opening thighs to allow the sensuous vibrations of his spasming prick to shudder against her now really stiffened clitoris and gaping hole. They leaned against the door and then with a jerk and a click, the door sprang open under their weight and they both found themselves standing arm in arm, staring down at the naked Monty with his great waving cock full out in front of him and the gorgeously naked Tessa lying full length on the couch. Tessa looked up at them with a pleased smile on her face. Come on in she said. We both knew you were peeping at us through the keyhole. Come on in and join in the fun!

John the butler and Jane the pretty young maid smiled as they heard Tessa Dingham invite them both into the bedroom of Monty's mews pad. Sorry we were spying on you both grinned John but you know how it is. Jane and me have been turned on ever since you both arrived here and it was entirely my fault. I hoped we might be able to catch a bit of the action through the keyhole. Tessa naked as the day she was born, looked at Monty whose long cock had simmered down somewhat during the last few moments and said well now you are here John, let's see how you measure up to Monty. I couldn't carry a candle to him I'm sure said John. Don't worry about a candle, quipped Tessa, it's pricks we're on about. Come in and both of you get into something loose, preferably skins!

Jane, blushing prettily, quite unlike her really – took off her little white apron and as it fluttered to the floor and she bent down to pick it up she showed her white knickers off and her black tights under her short pink dress. Monty caught sight of them and in an instant his cock started to rise again. You randy sod said Tessa, seeing the pulsings of his shaft as it began to swell up, can't even see a pair of drawers with a girl inside them can you without getting a horn? She turned to John. Come on, come on she smiled, off

with those trousers and let's see what you've got on underneath them. When she saw his white silk briefs her eyes opened wide. Super she said. I like a man in white underwear – and silk, eh? You kinky men you!

John was quite modestly limp inside his drawers and Tessa sat up and put a hand between his legs and tossed his balls in her palm. They feel heavy she said. Haven't you been unloading into your girlfriend lately then? Jane was taking her pink dress off and now stood in front of Monty and Tessa and John in her little white broderie Anglaise knickers over her slinky black tights. Sexy little bitch, murmured Tessa, looking at her and then at Monty's cock which was now at full strength again. She pulled John close to her as she sat up on the settee and began to pull down his white silk briefs. When they were round his feet he bent down and took them down and removed his shoes and socks. He turned his back to Tessa to do this and she got a real bird's eye view of his balls between his thighs and the dark cleft in his bottom. Spare my lovely blushes said Tessa, as she put a hand between his thighs and cossated his balls again this time in their naked state. Wish us girls had these little dangly things she said. All hard and hairy. What does it feel like to have a pair John? He turned round and sat on the settee beside her. You just don't know you've got them he grinned. You forget all about them like girls forget about having breasts. I don't forget about my breasts said Tessa. With that pair how could you forget, said Monty. They all looked at Jane's naked breasts with the stiff nipples already reddening. You've got a lovely pair too said Tessa. I bet John enjoys sucking them doesn't he? Jane smiled and nodded as she sat on the bed with Monty and looked down at his now gigantic cock. Monty levered her down onto her back on the bed and, cupping one of her tits in his hand bent down and closed his lips over it. His cock stuck out over his turned hip and pulsated over Jane's naked tummy and, as he opened his thighs up to balance himself, Tessa and John saw right between them. Biggest bollocks in the business said Tessa to John, indicating Monty's large, hard and swollen balls. She looked down at John, whose prick was still limp. What's the matter darling she said, been wanking all day or something or has Jane been having it up her too much lately? John smiled and took his limpish cock in his hand. A few rubs and Tessa saw his balls hardening. She pushed his thighs wide open as he sat next to her. That's better she said with approval, as she saw his cock beginning to pulse upwards in graceful spasms, the skin rolling back off the pink nob. She ran her finger and thumb lightly up and down the thickening shaft and passed it over the nob which quickly became glossy and shiny as a little drop of pre-come liquid came out of the hole and was smoothed over the now purpling satiny surface. When it was it's full seven inches she looked at it and said, not bad. Not bad at all. Not as gigantic as Monty's of course, but big enough. She sat upright and bent down over his opened thighs and caressed it with her soft red lips. John jerked violently as her mouth began to suck the purple, swelling nob and her tongue started to flutter over the end of it. He felt her warm hand take hold of his hard round balls and begin to massage them slowly. He glanced across at Jane and Monty and saw that she was now sitting up on the bed looking over at them with a smile on her face. She's never seen another girl at me thought John, I hope she's enjoying the sight. He looked at Monty who was busy lying on his side, his face hidden by Jane's back. He was obviously exploring her bottom for John could see his left hand was right under it and Jane was now more or less perched right on the edge of the double bed. John looked down at Tessa's head as it bobbed up and down slowly and gently over his prick, her lips sliding up and down almost all of his shaft.

The orgasmic sensations were starting to build up inside him right deep down in his balls and they were starting to course through his bottom and from his prostate gland and down his thighs which he stretched more widely open then ever as he knew his spunk was frothing around in his balls ready to be ejected up his shaft and into Tessa's waiting mouth. He sensed Jane's mounting excitement as she watched her lover for the very first time being serviced by another girl and wondered if Monty was succeeding in bringing her on, whatever it was he was doing to her with his fingers. Then suddenly his milk surged up to his nob and he absolutely spurted it out into Tessa's eager mouth. He let out a gasp and flexed his thighs and lower legs and Jane must have known he was coming for she too gave a little cry and started to move her hips and pelvis up and down on the edge of the bed. John watched her as he started to come violently into Tessa's mouth and knew that half his excitement and virile ejaculation was because of what he was seeing Jane doing with her lovely thighs and hips and pelvis. For the last few seconds and the last few spurts he kept his eyes fixed on the red gaps now showing between Jane's open thighs and pretended he was right up it instead of being in Tessa's wet mouth.

Tessa moved her head away from John and smiled at him. You sure came a pint thara darling she said. Where does it all come from? As if I didn't know from those over-ripe balls of yours! She got up and as John lay back on the settee recovering from his ejaculation she went over to Monty and Jane and knelt down in front of Jane – staring intently at Jane's cunt. She saw that Monty had his hand right between her bottom and his two fingers were right up inside her gaping cum. There was a glassy look in Jane's eyes as she lay back on her arms spread either side of her and behind her and half lifted her young body off the edge of the bed, balancing on her tiptoes to allow Monty better access to her. Tessa watched fascinated as Monty's active fingers probed in and out of Jane's hole. Monty was lying half on his side still and his enormous cock was rubbing against Jane's thigh – leaving a silver thread of pre-come on the delicate milky flesh. Tessa squatted on her haunches on the floor in front of Jane and to her delight, she suddenly realised that John was kneeling by her side and his hand had gone between her opened bottom in her squatting position. She felt his fingers going right up, straight up into between the cheeks of her spread open bottom up into the wet darkness of her hole. He began a delightful rhythmic massage on her and at the same time cleverly used another finger to massage her stiff protruding clitoris as he did so. Watching Jane's open and pulsating cunt surrounded with golden hairs as Monty's expert fingers probed it up and down, Tessa too grew glassy eyed as she started to come in the most violent and erotic spasm. She divided her attention between Monty's enormous prick and round, cherry-red nob and Jane's wet widespread lips and hole as multiple orgasms started to sweep beautifully through her. Then to her surprise and intense pleasure she saw Monty's prick suddenly and involuntarily pulse into action of its own accord and she realised he was starting an orgasm and ejaculation controlled by his mind or rather, by lack of control over his mind. His milk started to pulse out of the opening and closing hole of his nob and Tessa watched in utter fascination as the powerful, jelly white spurts shot out all over Jane's fleshy thighs, trickling down sliding down the inside of them, reaching out in shots over it to land on the edge of the bed between her thighs. As he came his fingers quickened their pace in Jane's cunt and Jane must have been aware of the sudden jets of hot liquid on her thighs for she gasped and cried out and her bucking movements grew even more active as her own comes swept through her like wildfire.

A little while later the four of them were relaxing side by side on the large double bed. Monty next to Tessa. Jane next to Monty the other side of him and John next to Jane. John and Monty were relaxed cock-wise but Jane and Tessa were still very much on heat for neither of them had yet been done by the two men and that of course was to be the grand finale!

Sex is beautiful murmured Tessa, gazing up at the ceiling, her legs bent at the knees, her thighs lolling wide open as she felt Monty's hand gently stroking her thighs. And sex between four or six or even eight people all together is even more beautiful she went on. Even when it is all between husbands and wives because it's bound to bring husbands and wives together again when perhaps they have been drifting apart at the seams. Sex is as much a visual thing as it is a physical thing she went on. To look

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at Jane's ount for instance, turned me on just now as much as to look at Monty's prick and John's prick. Does looking at another man's cock turn you on, Monty darling?

Not exactly answered Monty. Men aren't bi-sexual as women are you know. I think more woman have lesbian tendencies than men have homosexual tendencies. A girl can more easily wank another girl than a man can do that to another man. I agree, put in John. I could never lay a hand on another man's body. But don't you get a kick out of seeing for instance Monty's naked body and his huge cock asked Tessa. Only because I know you and Jane are looking at it or touching it replied John. It's a sort of inverted exhibitionism, get what I mean? I mean I am pleased to know two young girls are looking at Monty like that and getting kicks out of it because I am a man and have one as well. But as to getting a kick out of seeing Monty like that – no. Not at all.

Monty half sat up. Me neither, he said. The kick I get out of this sort of group sex is seeing Tessa being made to come by John and I don't feel jealous. I'm looking at Tessa not John as I expect Jane was looking at John as I serviced her just now. It's a question of the visual side as you just said Tessa. I could. But only because you and John are in the same room. Not just by myself with Jane I couldn't. Monty turned and looked down at Jane. Could you wank or suck Tessa he asked. Jane smiled. I would do it because I knew you and John were watching me she said. But only because of that. And you say, want on Tessa, that you, Monty, couldn't touch John's cock? No way said Monty and I am sure John couldn't touch mine either could you?

He looked down at John. No way either grinned John up at him. No offence – of course. Of course not agreed Monty. It's like I just said – men cannot switch the homosexual thing on as easy as girls and women can and do – even though you two agree you could only touch each other in order to give us fellas our kicks. It would give Jane and me kicks to see you and John playing about with each other, laughed Tessa. It wouldn't give me any kicks put in Jane. I wouldn't like it one little bit. But I enjoyed seeing you going down on John a little while ago Tessa, like I know you guessed when you saw Monty poking me up on the edge of the bed.

I once watched a man of thirty fucking a young man of twenty-three said Tessa. And it gave you kicks asked Jane? It did, agreed Tessa. I thought it looked very beautiful I think, said John. I would like to see two lesbians doing the lesbian fuck job, tribadism, on each other but I would oningo away if I saw two blokes doing anything sexual with each other.

I'm all for kinky undies and gear said Tessa. She got up from the bed and got out a pair of hold-up sheer black silk stockings from a small vanity case she had taken up to the bedroom. She held them out to Jane. Put them on darling and let Monty and me watch you and John have a session on the bed. Jane obediently and very readily sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on the beautiful sheer silk stockings until they covered her long fleshy thighs almost up to the tops of them. A few moments later Monty and Tessa were sitting on the settee and Jane was on her back on the double bed, her thighs wide open and Monty and Tessa were watching John masturbate her breasts and her cunt. As Jane writhed all over the bed in absolute ecstasy under John's experienced touch, Tessa ran her hand lightly up and down Monty's enormous cock which was now reaching for the ceiling again. He had his hand between her bottom as she sat sideways, leaning towards him and looking at John and Jane on the bed. His fingers were well inside her and as the action between John and Jane grew more and more erotic so his finger movement inside Tessa grew more excited and agitated. Tessa watched Jane in a maze of orgasms as the maid opened her thighs out in a straight line and John went into her with his fingers. Monty, too, kept his gaze fixed on the glorious expanse of pink and red flesh between Jane's thighs. John had his bottom up and his cock was out of sight on the bed but Tessa thrilled as she watched his broad and masculine buttocks moving and quivering as he lay on his outstretched prick on the soft eiderdown. She wondered if he would be able to control himself and not come on the bed.

Then, to her immense pleasure and excitement, Jane and John moved on the bed into the 69 position, side-on to her and Monty so that the two of them could see John's outstretched thigh right over Jane's face and see his prick in her mouth and could see his mouth and face right down between her open thighs. She and Monty watched enthralled as Jane's beautiful slim hips and thighs and pelvis worked up and down against John's open mouth as if she was fucking his lips and tongue – while she ran her gentle hands soothingly over John's bered bottom as it rose and fell gently in the air over her face, allowing the red tip of his cock to slide erotically in and out of her half-parted lips. When John came into Jane's mouth she bucked up and down frantically against his mouth between her thighs and it was clear to Monty and to Tessa that Jane was in the utter throes of a magnificent climax. When it was all over John sprang lightly off his housemaid lover and knelt at her feet between her still opened thighs his cock still most beautifully straight and upright and shiny and red. Monty and Tessa applauded as Monty withdrew his fingers from Tessa who had come all over them as she had watched John and Jane's exciting mutual climax.

That was a wonderful exhibition said Tessa enthusiastically. You see what I mean when I say the visual thing is a real bringer-on for people who are watching? That's what I mean when I say that group sex must be good for, say, a frigid wife and an impotent husband – or for a couple married or otherwise, who have developed a thing about their sexual relationships with each other. It's like looking at girls magazines or films but so much better for this is the real thing in real life. It simply must stimulate couples who have lost interest in each other. If a group of healthy people of any age group can eat and drink together, why can't they wank and suck and screw together?

Because said John, still kneeling between Jane's thighs but with his hom going down, because it's supposed to upset the sanctity of marriage that's why. But what sanctity is there in a marriage that has turned sour on the sexual side demanded Tessa. If vitamin pills and psychiatric advice and medical placebos won't do the trick, won't get a once sexually happy couple together again in bed what will unless they totally hate one another and then of course its understandable. But if they still love each other and want to stay together and want to recapture the old sex magic, what better than to do so because they have watched other couples fucking and doing the love play things? Even if they can't do that they could watch home blue films, I mean the real ones not all that simulated sex. I once knew a man of fifty-five married to a beautiful woman of forty-seven but the sex thing had quite gone between them for he just couldn't get a jack-up for her. He was impotent with her. Functionally not physically, because when he was alone he said he could wank like a twenty-year old. I know that when he was alone with me and got his trousers and undies down he was straight up, six inches by three and responded to me like a fireman's hose when the water is switched on. I lent him a real blue film with close-up shots of the hom going right into the lady. A week later he told me as he gave it back to me that he and his wife had sat naked on the couch in the lounge of their home and had watched the film projected onto the cream distempered wall and that on the first showing he had grown his first horn in her presence for four years. Ger that! He fucked her there and then on the floor after they had switched off the film and they now do it regularly. I saw him only last week in his car in the street and he said seeing the thing happening in real live colour and close up had made both him and his wife realise what a wonderful human function it was.

No-one ever has a chance to say that sort of thing in a police court though, in an attempt to defend porno films put in John. And I bet, said Monty, that in a High Court with a jury that has at least three men on the Jury or three women, even the Judge and the Prosecuting Counsel, have sexual hangups all of their own and would probably benefit their own sex lives and their own marriages by being a little bit more venturesome. Nothing is impure or sinful or corrupting or depraving, I think said Tessa, provided it takes place between girls over twenty one not just over sixteen and provided there is full consent all round and providing it's normal heterosexual sex. Now, the full significance of marriage is fast disappearing and couples, even in the public eyes, readily admit to living together and having children in an unmarried state. I think the entire question of group sex needs reviewing. It can produce good marriages between participants who take a real shine to each other and it can save marriages that are breaking down.

Tessa and Monty donned two attractive housecoats in colourful contemporary flowered patterns as they helped by John in his white silk briefs and Jane in her white broderie Anglaise drawers went down to the kitchen to prepare a snack of sandwiches and coffee. Have you ever been fucked on the edge of a kitchen table Tessa asked Jane as the two prepared the sandwiches. On this one, grinned Jane. Good isn't it, went on Tessa. I mean, having sex some place other than on a bed? That's another convention if you like. I've been screwed and touched up in cars and in doorways and in film studios and up against TV cameras said Tessa. By Monty asked Jane. No by lots of fellas in showbiz and in the modelling world said Tessa. Monty has had me in my pad but he's a bed man or a couch man mainly. Don't you reckon sex can be very exciting in unconventional places? I do, agreed Jane. I like being done in the open air in the depths of the country with the sweet-smelling grass around me and trees waving in the breeze above me and the warm summer sun all over my bare legs and me with a summer dress all up round my hips. You romantic, saxy little thing, smiled Tessa. You put it quite beautifully!

After the sandwiches and coffee which they all had in the lounge the four of them went upstairs again. Monty walked behind Jane going up the narrow staircase and saw the inviting, undulating creases forming in her white drawers and between her bottom as she moved and at once his horn started to swell up. By the time they were all in the inviting bedroom again and the lights were switched on and the curtains drawn he was well on heat. My, said Tessa, eyeing his pulsing prick, what's with you? It must have been those lettuce sandwiches. Full of iron, you know! Monty grinned and looked at

Jane who was laying on the bed, her delicious young thighs slightly open her legs bent at the knees, the white crotch of her knickers creased tightly into her cunt Tessa looked at Monty looking at Jane and she looked at John and patting the settee said sit down with me John and take off your drawers I rather think Monty fancies a fuck with your little maid John took his briefs off to display a half-stiff cock and sat down by Tessa who opened her floral housecoat up as Monty took his right off Monty approached Jane on the bed and slowly pulled her to the edge and turned her over onto her tummy so that her legs were on the floor He took down her pretty little drawers, noting with satisfaction that they were nicely wet in the crotch and that therefore she too, was filled with desire He told her to stand up and then to bend down over the edge of the bed and stick her bottom out as much as she could.

She did so and Tessa and John watched him gently sink his long tool into her cunt from behind Watching him in profile as they were they were able to see his cock going in and out of her as he held her round her slim waist Her hanging breasts shook and trembled as he got further up and into her and she began to come on They watched the athletic movements of the strong and virile Monty as he screwed her beautifully – his long, muscular thighs quivering as his muscles went into rhythmic action Great to watch a man fucking said Tessa All man and all masculine A man is at his magnificent best when he's fucking She took hold of John's now swollen stiff prick with her hand and started to rub it slowly up and down as she watched the action on the bed John managed to cross his hand and arm under hers and to be able to insert a finger into her and this thumb started to rub over her projecting clitoris Monty started to fuck quickly now, back and forth his long cock sliding easily in and out of Jane but always leaving quite two inches outside her lips that he could not get right into her Tessa saw his hard, round balls jogging to and fro with each movement of his swinging hips and pelvis. They heard Jane whimpering and crying out with pleasure as his nob hit her cervix time and time again as he thrust forward into her Then swiftly came his climax as he shot beautifully into her Tessa sensed it just before it happened and her own orgasms from John's fingers reached their zenith But her hand left John a cock in her excitement

Sorry about that she smiled as Monty disentangled himself from Jane on the bed But it didn't matter really for the next moment Tessa had led John to the bed and had laid down on it, pulling John down on top of her While Monty and Jane laid their sides on the bed watching, John got into Tessa and Jane had her chance of watching her lover in action with another girl

For the rest of the long evening the butler and the maid the employer and his mistress changed partners time and time again performing 69 in various positions with such variations as John being at Tessa's cunt while Jane was at his cock and Monty kissed and sucked Jane's tits while she fondled Tesse's tits Before the men climaxed the girls would change cocks so that John was being sucked by Jane and Monty by Tessa and the two men were at the cunts of the other women They kept up these sexual gymnastics for quite two hours or more pausing only to rest between orgasms, to smoke cigarettes and talk Eventually, the long session ended and Jane and John went downstairs and Monty and Tesse stayed upstairs to sleep

Well said John in Jane's bedroom later, as they both lay in each other's arms What a rave up! Did you enjoy yourself darling? Did you she countered I did he replied but only because I was watching you and your reactions to Monty Were you jealous of what Monty did to me asked Jane I was jealous of course agreed John but I was happy for the pleasures you were so obviously getting and I knew anyway that it was all just a friendly get-together after all and that in any case I was played with and sucked by Tesse and I fucked her as well and you were watching so all seemed to me to be fair as fair

Were you jealous of what Tessa did to me and what I did to her he asked Jane I was she replied, but, like you, I was so enormously interested and turned on by wanting you to do what you did and have done to you what you did have done to you by her that I just forgot all about being jealous It was all absolutely great wasn't it? With that the two healthy young people went fast asleep in one another's arms And upstairs, Monty was lulling Tesse to sleep with his fingers on her breast

The next morning, wearing his white butler's coat and dark, tight trousers John watched Jane in the kitchen wearing a short pale blue linen box-pleated dress and small white apron making coffee for Monty and Tesse before they would get up and come down for breakfast Will you take it up to their room or will I asked John? Jane smiled her sexy smile as she looked at John She had watched him dress a little earlier in a pair of small bright scarlet silk briefs a white shirt and his trousers and white jacket and he had seen her put on a pair of primrose yellow satin high-cut drawers under her pale blue dress and white apron He had awakened with a beautiful erection and had worked it off between Jane's breasts because, try as he would to take his mind off it it just would not go down until he had shot his balls out again

They may be fucking said Jane So what asked John We saw so much of them last

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night then they won't mind if we catch them doing anything to each other. Tell you what he added, I will take up some butter and rolls like a French breakfast with you taking the coffee and then we can both have an excuse for going in. Good idea replied Jane, getting out some fresh crisp rolls from the larder. She put four little pats of butter two knives and two plates on a tray for John and then a silver pot of coffee, a cream jug and sugar bowl and two cups and saucers on a tray for herself to carry up.

Together, they made their way up to the bedroom and knocked on the door. There was a muffled come in, in Monty's voice. They opened the door and there, sure enough, on the bed with the bedclothes rolled right down was the naked Monty on top of the naked Tessa whose legs and thighs were curled tightly round Monty's back as he lay right between her thighs, moving swiftly up and down on her. Jane and John put down the trays on the bedside table and stood and watched until Monty reached the ejaculation inside Tessa. When it was over he slowly withdrew and sat up beside Tessa who also sat up.

Jane looked down at Monty's huge glistening cock and smiled at Tessa. Has John been up yet this morning Tessa asked Jane. Up, said Jane, but not up inside me. Up between my breasts. That's nice, said Tessa. Monty does that to me sometimes while he is in the 69 position but he has it sliding in and out between my tits as he sucks me off. Grand! Monty leaned forward and, lifting up Jane's pale blue dress looked at her primrose satin knickers and at her completely bare thighs and legs. Tessa looked at Jane and said – Monty likes drawers with a slit in the front of them sometimes, for me to wear while he screws me. Yours got a slit in them darling? she said, reaching out a hand and probing between Jane's thighs. Fraid not said Jane. But I could make a slit in them if you like. Tessa nodded and Jane got some scissors from the dressing table and made a neat slit right in the middle of the crotch of her lovely little fresh satin yellow knickers. Monty and Tessa had their coffee and Jane was balanced on the edge of the bed, her legs up on Monty's broad shoulders and he was in her, between the slit in her sexy yellow satin drawers.

Another day had begun! John and Jane did little work that day. The four of them spent most of the time stark naked or in their drawers playing around with each other in various parts of the pad, even on the staircase!

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